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of festivity. At the other end of the hall are doors leading into the drawing-room, dancing-room, and library; and in the centre of this end is placed a beautiful chimney-piece of black marble, surrounded by a canopy of carved oak, the enrichments of which are in that peculiar style which characterises the ornaments of Tudor architecture, containing the single and double rose, stars, and other badges of that period. The hall is lighted by five stained glass windows of an ecclesiastical character, and level with the gallery; and on these windows are blazoned the arms of the families with whom the Vernons have intermarried, comprising some of the highest of the English and Irish nobility. Of the external architecture of this portion of the building some correct notion may be formed from our illustration, which exhibits the style of the gables and oriel or bay windows which are placed both on its southern and western sides; and we may justly apply to the whole of this range the description given by Chaucer in his imaginary palace of "pleasaunt regarde:"

"The chamberis and parlars of a sorte,  
With bay windows goodlie as may be thought,  
The galleries right wele y wrought,  
As for dauncinge and otherwise disporte."

Branching from the northern and eastern sides of the great tower, extensive ranges of building contain the servants' apartments, and an extensive suite of inferior bed-rooms, and the tower itself contains a study, and above it a nursery, over which, again, a leaded platform with parapets commands most extensive and diversified prospects of the surrounding country.

The preceding description will, we fear, convey but an imperfect idea of the plan of this interesting structure, nor will our illustration, which only gives a representation of its southern front, give more than a general idea of the architectural character of a building, the great merit of which, next to the beauty and chronological accuracy of its details, consists in the number of picturesque points of view which it affords, from the irregularity of its plan and the variety of its outlines.

We shall only add a few words in respect to its locality.

The Castle of Clontarf is situated in a district rich in pastoral beauty, and at the head or northern extremity of the village of the same name, which consists of a single but wide street composed of houses of a respectable class, and extending from it in a right line to the sea. It is surrounded by forest trees of great age and grandeur, through which by vistas are obtained views of the bay and the mountain scenery of the southern shore.

Upon the whole, we may truly say of this structure that its beauty is no less striking than its moderate size and pretension are in happy proportion to the rank and means of its owner; nor is it a lesser merit, that—unlike too many of the lordly residences in Ireland—the close propinquity of its situation to the village of which he is lord, is characteristically expressive of the confidence and kindly familiarity which should ever exist between the proprietor and the community holding under him. Nor is it again a lesser merit, that—unlike most of the mansion-houses to which we have alluded—it is not enclosed by churlish and prison-like walls of stone, excluding it from the public eye, and indicating but too truly the cold and heartless selfishness of their owners, which would not allow to the many even the passing enjoyment of a glimpse of the grandeur and beauty which they claim as their own. P.

**A WOODEN GLASS GOBLET.**—The first night of the "Stratford Jubilee" in Dublin, Robert Mahon had to sing the song of the "Mulberry Tree," the music composed by C. Dibdin senior, the words of which begin with

"Behold, this fair goblet was carved from the tree  
Which, oh! my sweet Shakspeare, was planted by thee."

He walked on, and began the song, holding out in his hand a fine cut-glass rummer. The other performers, who were also on, looked at him and his fair glass goblet "carved from a tree" with wonder. The audience took the absurdity, and much mirth and loud hissing followed. The play over, Mahon had the folly to insist upon it he was right: "'Tis true," he said, "the property-man did stand at the wing with a wooden cup in his hand, which he wanted to thrust into mine; but could I appear before the audience with such a rascally vulgar wooden mether?—no; I insisted he should that instant go and fetch me an elegant glass rummer, and here it is!"—*O'Keefe's Recollections.*

### CUTTING OLD FRIENDS.

ONE of the most difficult things a person has to do, who is getting ahead of the friends of his earlier and less prosperous years in the race of fortune, is to rid himself of these friends—to get quit of persons whose want of success in the world renders them no longer fit associates. The thing is not easily done, for you have to maintain appearances. You have to repel them gradually and gently, and in such a manner as to be able to defy them to lay any particular act of rudeness, any positive act of repulsion, to your charge. To manage the thing adroitly, therefore, requires some genius and a good deal of tact.

The difficulty of accomplishing this great manœuvre in a prosperous career, is much increased by the circumstance that as you advance your ancient cronies throng the thicker and closer around you. They in fact cling and cluster about you like so many bees, and with impertinent looks of glee seek to express their satisfaction with your prosperity.

Now, it is a most desirable thing to get quit of these gentry—to have them brushed off. But it would be rude to do this with the fly-flap and the strong hand. You must get rid of them by more tact and management. And after you have got rid of them, that is, driven them from personal contact as it were, you have to continue to keep them at a proper distance. No easy matter this, for somehow or other the obtuse creatures, your poor former acquaintance, will not see, what you see very distinctly, that you are now quite a superior sort of person to them, and that they are no longer fit to be ranked amongst your friends. This the perverse, dull-witted fellows will not see. And, more provoking still, no degree of advancement in the world on your part, no acquisition of wealth, will induce one of them, whatever you yourself may think to the contrary, to contemplate you with a whit more respect than they did when you were one of themselves. They insist on considering you merely as having been more fortunate than themselves—not a bit better or a bit cleverer.

Let us remark here, that the successful in the world are stout deniers of the doctrine of chances. They maintain that there is no such a thing as luck; while the unsuccessful, again, are firm believers in the doctrine, and insist on it that not only is there such a thing as luck, but that luck is every thing. The successful man's vanity prompts him to attribute his prosperity solely to his talents and merit—the unsuccessful man's self-love to deny that the want of these qualities has been his hindrance. Hence the conflicting opinions of the two on this curious subject. Then, where lies the truth? We suspect between.

From a good deal of experience in the science of "cutting" under the circumstances alluded to in this paper—we shall not say whether as cutters or cuttees—we have flattered ourselves that we could throw out a few hints that might be found useful to gentlemen who are getting on in the world, and who are desirous of ridding themselves of their earlier and poorer friends. Under this supposition we offer the few following remarks:—

For some time after you have started on the prosperous career on which you have luckily fallen, continue to smile and bow towards your old friends as formerly; and when you meet them accidentally (let this be, however, as seldom as you possibly can), shake hands with them as cordially as ever. You may even venture to remark, accompanying such remark with an expression of regret, that they are prodigious strangers now. But this is not quite safe ground, and we by no means advise its general adoption. Conducting yourself in this way, your old friends will never suspect that there is already a change working at your heart—a secret operation as yet known only to yourself.

By and bye, throw the least, the very least thing of distance into your greeting: let your smile be apparently as cordial as formerly, but let there now be a slight expression of the slightest degree possible of coolness, of an indefinable something or other in your general manner of a repulsive character: take care, however, that it be indefinable—that it be of a description that cannot be named.

This new feature in your bearing will probably startle the more shrewd and observant of your former friends: but never mind that—it is precisely the impression you desire to make. It is even possible that some of them may express by their manner towards you a feeling of irritation at your new mode of treating them. Meet it by an expression of surprise at their conduct, and by increased coolness. There is now good